

In Memoriam.

# H Y M N S

BY THE LATE

RIGHT REV. HENRY CALLAWAY,

D.D., M.D.,

First Bishop of St. John's, South Africa.

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1890,



To the Memory of  
MY BELOVED HUSBAND.

A. C.

1890.





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## The Dedication.

L ORD ! myself to Thee I offer  
For Thy work, whate'er it be ;  
E'en my all to Thee I proffer  
To be used for only Thee.

But what are the words I'm saying ?  
What is it that they imply ?  
That from hence, without delaying,  
All to Thee I'll sanctify ;

And will ever stand beside Thee  
To confess Thy Holy Name ;  
Though a scornful world deride me,  
I will bear for Thee the shame :

That no earthly love shall ever  
Take away my heart from Thee ;  
That the faithful hand shall sever  
Every tie to set me free.

Free for Thee alone, and willing  
To obey Thy every word,  
Quick and earnest in fulfilling  
All Thy will whenever heard.

Whether 'mid the sweet enjoyment  
Of true friendship's happy hours ;  
Whether in the grave employment  
Of the intellectual powers ;

Whether when around is smiling  
Ev'ry thing my heart to cheer,  
And loved converse is beguiling  
Ev'ry thought of anxious care ;

Whether sorrow shall oppress me,  
And with grief my cup shall fill ;  
Whether pain shall oft distress me,  
I will be obedient still.

Naught shall keep me from obeying  
All Thy will, whate'er it be,  
And from hence, without delaying,  
I will follow only Thee.

Here I will not seek a city,  
Nor to 'stablish here a home ;  
Filled with love and holy pity,  
Far my pilgrim feet shall roam.

I will follow Thine anointed,  
Strait although the path may be ;  
In the place Thou hast appointed,  
There, O Lord, I wish to be.

Shall I fear the raging billow,  
Or the desert far away,  
Where's no place my head to pillow,  
Nor a friend to be my stay ;

Where no loving heart shall cheer me,  
Where no voice shall call me blest,  
Where the prospect round is dreary,  
Where the foot can find no rest ?

Shall I fear the heathen raging  
Fierce against Thy Holy will ?  
Shall I dread their wrath engaging  
To oppose Thy mercy still ?

Shall I fear their cruel anger,  
    When Thy Gospel Word I bear?  
Shall I shrink from any danger,  
    If I can Thy Truth declare?

Ev'ry coward feeling perish,  
    That would bid my heart to fear!  
*Drooping*—Thou the soul wilt cherish,  
    *Burdened*—Thou the weight wilt bear.

Thou canst still the raging billow,  
    Wilds shall bloom where Thou hast blest,  
Thy fond breast shall be my pillow,  
    Where the head shall sweetly rest.

Thou shalt be the Friend to cheer me ;  
    Thou the blessing shalt bestow ;  
Then no desert can be dreary,  
    Nor the footsteps weary grow.

When the wildest tempests lower,  
    Thou canst then the storm assuage ;  
So o'er men Thou hast the power  
    To restrain their fiercest rage.

Thou canst turn the heart of mortals ;  
Thou canst still the heathen's strife ;  
If they kill, they ope the portals  
For Thy servants unto Life.

Then myself to Thee I offer,  
For Thy work, whate'er it be ;  
E'en my all to Thee I proffer,  
To be used for only Thee.

Place upon the altar holy  
The whole sacrifice entire,  
In the Temple for Thy glory  
Kindle sacrificial fire ;

Let the sacred flame ascending  
Raise an incense to Thy throne,  
From a heart for ever tending  
Upwards unto Thee alone !

1843.

## "Thy Secret Ones."

(PSALM LXXXIII. 3.)

MEN look on and see our actions ;  
They know not whence they spring :  
Somewhat the outward acts reveal,  
Still more the outward acts conceal ;  
Both light and shade they bring.

Silent natures hid in Jesus,  
Their spirit's life, unseen,  
Speak not to men of worldly mould,  
To them their life does not unfold,  
Hidden it aye has been.

In the heart are secret motives,  
To Jesus only known ;  
Working, their Lord alone to please,  
Whether man sees not, or he sees,  
Owns them, or does not own.



---

Silent natures go on toiling,  
    Their Lord to glorify ;  
Blessings like seeds they cast around,  
On fruitful and unfruitful ground,  
    Silent and secretly.

Man looks on and sees their actions,  
    And knows not what they mean,  
They minister to wretched men,  
The poor, the outcast, and unken ;  
    Man sees but what is seen.

Wretched men in sorrow sighing,  
    Sorrow of sin begot ;  
The outcast, foul ; the poor, unwise ;  
The friendless lost to friendly eyes,  
    In mad self-chosen lot.

Needy, sighing, sinking, dying,  
    They wait no other claim ;  
The cry, the sigh, the lot unblest,  
Sorrow and anguish and unrest,  
    Dark ignorance and shame.

Voices uttered loudly groaning,  
And all unuttered cries,  
Call them to go where'er is need  
To help, to teach, to clothe, to feed,  
To wipe the tearful eyes.

Man looks on and sees their actions,  
And knows not what they mean ;  
But Jesus calls them by the cry  
Of pain and grief and agony—  
Jesus is there unseen.

Served is Jesus by their serving,  
Where need is, He is there,  
In need awaiting till they go  
In haunts of wretchedness and woe,  
Their ministries to share.

Jesus serveth with His servants ;  
Their every burden bears ;  
He walks beside them as they go  
In haunts of wretchedness and woe,  
Their toil and grief He shares.

---

Served and serving, helped and helping,  
A twofold blessing flows.  
Stooping the needy to relieve,  
Stooping from creature to receive  
The help Himself bestows.

Jesus served, and Jesus serving,  
Service how glorious, bright !  
The glory of such ministry  
Truly revealed can only be  
To faith, and not to sight.

1876.

## The Three-linked Chain.

*“Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God.”—Rom. x. 17.*

THERE is a three-linked chain  
Which binds us to God’s throne ;  
Its first link fixed in Him,  
The last in Him alone.

From Him proceeds the Word  
Which bids us live again ;  
The Word which comes from Him,  
The first link in the chain.

It tells His love for us,  
When we were lost in night ;  
Calls us from death to life,  
From darkness dread to light.

The dead, aroused by Him,  
Arise from out the grave,  
And hear the gracious word,  
That He has come to save.

Hearing, the second link,  
    Forged in the three-linked chain,  
Which binds the long-lost son  
    To the Father's love again.

By hearing comes the Faith  
    Which leans on Christ alone ;  
The last link in the chain  
    Which binds us to the Throne.

The gifts of God descend,  
    Along this three-linked chain ;  
And prayers and praise ascend  
    To the Father's Throne again.

1876.

## "Follow Me."

[The following lines were written at Bishop's Court, Capetown, on the occasion of seeing on the wall of my sleeping-room the text, "Follow Me," preceded by a picture of Christ bearing His Cross.]

FOLLOW Thee, my loving Saviour?  
Aye! wheresoever Thou shalt lead!  
Lead me only by Thy mercy,  
In Thine own footsteps I will tread.

Two of old asked, as a favour,  
To sit beside Thee left and right,  
In the kingdom of Thy glory,  
When revealed in all Thy might.

And Thou ask'dst if they were able  
To drink the cup which Thou didst drink;  
Be baptised with Thee, and suffer,  
Nor in the trial quail or shrink.

Lord, I ask of Thee this honour—  
Thy cup, Thy cross, Thy pangs to share ;  
Feel with Thee what Thou didst suffer ;  
Bear with Thee what Thou didst bear.

As this mighty prayer I utter,  
I know I do not comprehend  
All its import—half its meaning—  
Whither if answered it would tend.

All my heart, my Lord, I offer,  
E'en all I have I bring to Thee ;  
At Thy footstool lay my treasure,  
All I am, or yet may be.

Thou didst suffer to be Saviour,  
Mortal became that man may live ;  
Thou didst stoop to man to raise him,  
All Thou hadst for man didst give.

I would suffer to be like Thee—  
To all that is the dearest die ;  
Stoop to poorest, stoop to weakest,  
To bring them to Thy presence nigh.

Lord, I trust to Thee to measure  
What Thy poor child can do or bear ;  
I have no strength to bear one sorrow,  
Without Thy grace one pang to share.

Oft I tremble where no fear is,  
Blush at the thought of shame with Thee ;  
Fail in watching, fail in praying,  
Fail in the work allotted me.

Yet I feel this earnest longing  
To be Thine, and share with Thee  
The pangs and dying of the present,  
To save the souls whom Thou wouldst free.

Souls Thou lovest, I would love them :  
Teach me to love them as I ought ;  
Thou gavest all for their redemption,  
Teach me to seek whom Thou hast sought.

Jesus, save me from all thralldom  
My spirit which enchains e'en now ;  
Jesus, make me Thine own freedman,  
Sign Thine own seal upon my brow.



---

Give my heart such power of loving,  
That all self-love may wholly die ;  
Free my tongue from every fetter,  
And all within me sanctify.

I would follow Thee, my Saviour,  
In Thine own footsteps, day by day ;  
Loving, working, trusting, watching,  
Until Thy Kingdom come for aye.

1876.

## The Cross and the Crown.

I HAD a clear vision impressed on my sight,  
A dark Cross enclosed in a circle of light :  
The Cross was all dark and its halo all bright.

The Cross disappeared, and the light faded, too ;  
But still a dim circle was present to view,  
In which a dim Crown as I gazed on it grew :

Now brighter, now dimmer ; its outline ne'er clear,  
Yet not far away did the dim Crown appear ;  
Its dimness was great, tho' it seemed to be near.

Bright, bright, the sun rose, in his glory and might,  
In midst of his brightness a circle more bright,  
Encircling a Crown which was brighter than light.

When all passed away, and naught more could I see,  
I asked what the lesson intended for me,  
Revealed by the Cross and the bright Crown might  
be.

---

The path of our Faith is a path full of care,  
And dark is the Cross which with Jesus we share ;  
But circled with light is the Cross which we bear.

Dim, dim, is the Crown, dimly circled with light,  
Which Faith first beholds with her still untried sight ;  
As Faith daily grows ever stronger in might,  
The Crown which was dim grows for ever more  
bright.

1876.

“Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again: wisely improve the present; it is thine: go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart, trusting in thy God.”

LONGFELLOW.

BURY the past in Penitence' deep grave,  
The burden of the past cast off for aye;  
Thoughts of the past possess no power to save,  
Or chase the anguish of the heart away.

The sin once sinned can never be undone;  
The thought once thought has passed beyond  
thy power.

Griefs, tears, and sighings, cannot now atone  
For sins committed in the bygone hour.

Bury the past in Thy Redeemer's grave;  
Nor visit there, without thy Lord, alone;  
Only His grace the sin-stained soul can lave;—  
Only His blood the guilty past atone.

Bury the past ! but should the Tempter's guile  
Strive to allure thee from the right to stray,  
Visit the grave, and ponder there awhile,  
And wash the rising sin with tears away.

Stand by the grave of the repented past,  
Forgiven now by love all full and free ;  
And bid each sin, each failure, first and last,  
To speak once more its warning voice to thee.

Then gird thee for the present—it is thine ;—  
Thine all its duties ; thine its toil and care ;  
Thine to be strengthened by a strength divine,  
Those duties to perform, that toil to bear.

Live in the present ; for the true and good  
Live by that Faith, which leans on God's own  
might ;  
So shall He daily give thee daily food,  
And each succeeding day shall rise with brighter  
light.

1863.

### Simon of Cyrene.

MY childish thoughts would often love to stray  
To men of olden times long passed away.  
I longed that now, as to my fancy then,  
God would hold converse with the sons of men ;  
Not only by a Presence I could feel  
In solemn moments round my spirit steal,  
By gentle whispers heard by faith alone,  
By heavenly light to eyes of flesh unknown  
I longed to speak with Jesus face to face,  
And see His Hand dispensing gifts of grace,  
I envied Prophets and the seers of old  
Who in His name His mighty word forth told  
Who shone as meteors in surrounding night  
And in His Name did wondrous works of might.  
I longed like Moses to possess the rod  
Which should proclaim me one sent forth by God,  
Elijah's zeal,—Isaiah's word of fire,—  
Old Simeon's faith and patient long desire ;

Or, like the Baptist, raise my voice on high  
To tell the people of Thy kingdom nigh,  
Of Thee descending for Thy creature's weal,  
Lamb-like to die Thy creature's wound to heal.  
But there was one whom more I longed to be,  
Who bore the burden which prostrated Thee :  
I longed with Simon in Thy grief to share,  
And in the way for Thee Thy cross to bear.  
To speak beforehand of Thy glory bright ;  
To see from far the dawning of Thy light ;  
To know the time should come when unto Thee  
The joyous gathering of mankind should be ;—  
To see revealed by Thee immortal life  
And Thy great love become the end of strife :  
All this were precious ; but to bear *for Thee !*  
What greater honour, greater joy could be ?  
As thus I pondered, came a gentle word,  
Not spoken to the ear, but clearly heard :—  
“ The blessing which thou seekest thine shall be,  
“ Take up *My Cross* e'en now, and follow *Me !* ”

WHO gives himself to Thee no loser is,  
But infinitely adds unto his store;  
For what he gives to Thee Thou dost remake,  
And, when remade, to him again restore,  
And with the gift restored Thyself dost give ;  
Thus he more self-possessed is than before—  
Not only of a better self possessed,  
He is possessed of Thee for evermore ;  
Thou his, as he is Thine, for evermore.

1876.



An act of Faith in a time of physical  
depression during illness.

L ORD, I am weak, with scarcely power  
To think of Thee this troubled hour ;  
The throbbing brain wills not to be  
An instrument of thought to me.  
And yet one thought fills all my mind—  
I have not now Thy love to find.  
I long have known and loved Thee, Lord,  
I long have trusted to Thy word,  
Thy grace alone the only claim  
With which before Thy Throne I came ;  
My sin and weakness oft the cause  
Why I transgressed Thy Holy Laws,  
And yet a will renewed by Thee,  
Which struggling, strove to set me free  
From evil's baneful tyranny.  
Thou long hast known and loved me, Lord,  
Consoled me often by Thy word ;

Hast loved to come and dwell with me,  
Hast longed my constant guest to be.  
'Tis joy that prostrate thus and weak  
I have not now Thy love to seek,  
To trust I have not now to learn,  
Trembling lest Thou my plea should'st spurn,  
But lift my heart in faith to Thee,  
Knowing that Thou art close to me,  
Upholding, though I do not feel,  
Present unseen my soul to heal,  
Therefore though weak I have the power  
To trust in Thee this troubled hour,  
And as I ope my heart to Thee  
Health from Thy mercy comes to me,  
And weakness seems almost to cease  
As on my spirit rests Thy Peace,  
My Lord, I am for ever Thine !  
My Lord, Thou art for ever mine !  
In health or sickness let me rest  
In fullest faith upon Thy breast ;  
For, as I found and loved Thee long ago,  
I never, never more, can lose Thee now.

## An Act of Prayer.—New Year's Day.

A NOTHER Year has passed away,  
I lift my heart to Thee to pray,  
God Almighty.

I lift my heart to pray to Thee  
That Thy bright spirit dwell with me  
Throughout the now beginning year,  
My present help, my constant cheer.  
Give me the power myself to give,  
My whole life for Thy glory live,  
In Thee to think my every thought,  
In Thee my every act be wrought,  
My every word a word for Thee,  
Thought, word and act, a ministry  
Of love and truth, and holy trust,  
All wise, all faithful, steadfast, just.  
Grant that as now begun with prayer  
So all throughout the coming year,  
Through all its months and weeks and days,  
I may begin with prayer and end with joyous  
praise.

*January 1st, 1878.*

MY Lord, mysterious is the way  
By which Thou ledest me,  
Sorrow and joy, darkness and day,  
Are meted out by Thee.

When sorrows' clouds o'erspread my sky  
And evermore increase,  
I feel Thy unseen Presence nigh,  
And revel in Thy peace.

The cloud is but an outward thing  
Which cannot hide Thy face ;  
The pangs of sorrow only bring  
Still greater gifts of grace.

As from intensity of light  
We seek in shade relief,  
So joy intense and ever bright  
Finds blessedness in grief.

---

We know not how to bear all joy ;  
There's weakness in all rest ;  
The living soul requires employ,  
By work the weak is blest.

In darkness Faith still walks with Thee ;  
She sings her songs at night,  
In grief rejoices secretly,  
In gloominess is bright.

Come joy or grief, come day or night,  
I am Thine own for aye,  
Thine own to the unfailing light  
Of Thy eternal Day.

Darkness no darkness is to Thee ;  
And by Thy loving Grace  
Darkness no darkness is to me,  
For now and to Eternity  
My heart's Thy dwelling-place.

1876.

*“ There be many that say, Who will show us any good ? Lord,  
lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.”—*  
Psalm iv. 6.

THERE are who know not Faith’s mysterious  
power

To raise the soul above the present time ;  
To pierce the darkest clouds which round us lower,  
And see beyond a happier, brighter clime.

There are who say, “ Who now shall show us any  
good ?

Sad wanderers in a dark and dreary night ;  
We are as straw-motes tossed upon the flood ;  
We are as children crying for a light.”

Hear, Lord, and lift on us Thy gracious light,  
To those who trust in Thee ’tis never dark ;  
Faith sees Thy Sun, though to the world ’tis night,  
Floods destroy it, whilst they upbear Thy ark.

The path of sorrow, suffering, want, is now  
Bright with the halo of a Saviour's might ;  
He trod that path, for us He felt its woe ;  
He walked alone, we walk with Him in light.

Let no loud wail rise from the loved one's bier,  
No words complaining round the dying-bed ;  
No God-misdoubting thoughts, no bitter tear,  
Embalm for us the memory of our dead.

Death's portal yawns ; still yawns, but dark no  
more,  
From it flows back to Earth the light of Heaven,  
And echoes reach us from the eternal shore  
Of death o'ercome—the grave for ever riven.

We are not straw-motes tossed upon the flood,  
We are not children crying for a light ;  
Christ has revealed to us the eternal good,  
And, through His love, it is no longer night,  
But all—past, present, future—all is bright.

1864.

THOU hast not made us all in vain,  
To live life's little day of pain,  
Then pass away nor be again.

Thou hast not caused our hearts to see,  
As by an inborn prophecy,  
The things which shall hereafter be,

That with the flesh should fade away  
The spirit's past, and nothing stay  
Of that for which we learned to pray.

Thou dost not stoop our souls to keep,  
That we should sow and never reap,  
But toil for an eternal sleep.

When wicked men triumphant stood,  
Their hands embrued with brother's blood,  
And hated and crushed down the good,



---

Thou didst not give us faith to see  
The good has his reward with Thee,  
If death the end of all shall be.

When wretched and distressed we sigh,  
Thou dost not draw our thoughts on high,  
If all our thoughts in death must die.

Thou dost not train us day by day,  
To love Thee more, more love Thy way,  
If all shall perish in decay.

The ripened mind, the practised thought,  
Wisdom with every travail sought,  
Knowledge by toil unceasing bought.

When those we love have passed away,  
They bide not with the buried clay,  
But live with Thee in lasting day.

'Tis no deceit bids us to rise  
To them in thought above the skies,  
And cease to mourn with tearful eyes ;

Bids us, when for our dead we crave,  
To trust that Thou wilt surely save  
From sin and death and silent grave.

Life is no phantom, trust no lie ;  
Man was created not to die,  
But live to all eternity.

So is he made, he feels he must  
Still hope, tho' death belie his trust,  
As human forms pass into dust.

The soul which thought has past away,  
Not perished with the form's decay,  
Past on to Thy eternal day.

Undoubting then we trust to Thee,  
That death no end of life shall be,  
But life and immortality !

1876.

---

*“What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter.”*

WHY, Christian, dost thou seek to know  
The secrets of the Almighty mind?  
When on the cloud thou seest His bow,  
Why wouldst thou look that cloud behind?

His faithful love—His mercy true—  
Doubtless beneath that cloud 's concealed;  
And all that's right for thee to know,  
In His best time shall be revealed.

He knows thy need; and by-and-by  
Thou shalt behold, by faith's clear sight,  
Enough thy soul to satisfy  
That He has ordered all things right.

Look on the past—His mighty power  
Has all along sustained thy soul;  
Though He permitted storms to lower,  
And raging billows round thee roll.

Then onward, Christian, onward still,  
In confidence pursue thy way ;  
And fear not, though it be His will  
That darkness should prevail to-day.

Beneath that darkness Jesu's hand,  
By thee unseen shall safely guide ;  
Then, though thou mayst not understand,  
To His all-gracious care confide.

1846.

## Heaven shall be thy Rest !

O H ! Heavenly rest ! how sweet to feel  
A foretaste thus of thee ;  
And know, by faith's undoubting seal,  
That Thou my rest shalt be.

Hushed into silence every fear,  
Each rising doubt suppressed ;  
Brought to my Lord in Spirit near,  
Reclined as on His breast.

I fain would wish the time was nigh  
When I may haste away ;  
And, with a wing unfettered, fly  
To Thy unclouded day.

But hush ! my spirit ; patience still  
Is only safe for thee ;  
Then ask for grace aright to fill  
Thy place whilst here it be.

The earth is thy probation scene,  
And, if thy weary road  
Now brightened and beguiled hath been  
By sight of Heaven bestowed ;

'Tis that thy heart with double zeal  
And love may be impressed,  
As thou by faith canst surely feel  
That Heaven shall be thy Rest !

1845.

**"Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"**

**O**H, where is now Elijah's God?"  
The lone Elisha cried;  
But, lo, the mantle smites the flood,  
And Jordan's streams divide.

Though he who had that mantle worn  
Had passed from earth away,  
In blazing chariot heavenward borne  
To realms of endless day;

Yet still Elijah's God was near,  
Omnipotent in might,  
To listen to His servant's prayer,  
And give the faith to smite.

Thus, though the Church may often sigh,  
O'er loss of valiants dear;  
Yet still the Church's God is nigh,  
And hears the Church's prayer.

And though awhile by Babel's stream  
    Be hung sweet Zion's lyre ;  
The Prophet's light beclouded seem,  
    And quenched the Prophet's fire ;

Yet He who by His Spirit woke  
    Their mental eye to see,  
And to their hearts enraptured spoke  
    Of bless'd futurity,

Still sits upon His lofty throne,  
    Almighty to fulfil,  
To His own Church, though lorn and lone,  
    The wonders of His will.

Then fear not, Zion ! for thy Lord,  
    Long silent though He seem,  
And long delayed His promised word,  
    Is mighty to redeem.

Thou yet shalt shine in glory bright ;  
    The distant isles shall see,  
And come from far to seek thy light,  
    And worship God with thee.



## An Act of Morning Prayer.

AS from refreshing sleep I rise  
And ope to light once more my eyes,  
My first thoughts I would give to Thee,  
Who by Thy love has guarded me,  
God Almighty.

As pass away the shades of night,  
Rise on my soul, life-giving Light ;  
And as my heart is glad to see  
Another day arise on me,  
More joyous let my spirit be,  
That I awake to life with Thee.  
As now again I rise from sleep,  
So will I trust Thy love to keep  
My soul in safety from the grave,  
From death's dread power my soul to save.  
My body washed in water pure  
Reminds me of Thy promise sure,  
That there shall not one spot remain  
Upon my soul of sin's dark stain ;

But, by Thy blood, sin washed away,  
All pure I shall arise that day.  
As I assume my daily dress,  
I think of Thy great righteousness,  
The all-white robe which Thou wilt give,  
When I arise with Thee to live.  
As I of early food partake,  
Let me by faith participate  
Of that for ever present Bread,  
At Thy blest table ever spread  
For those whose eyes are ope to see  
That everywhere they dwell with Thee;  
That by Thee strengthened I may go my way  
And do for Thee my daily work this day,  
God Almighty.

## An Act of Evening Sacrifice.

MY evening Sacrifice I bring  
O Lord to Thee my Saviour King,  
God Almighty.

Unworthy must the off'ring be,  
Though all I have I bring to Thee ;  
The day has its pollutions brought  
Of deed and word and inward thought,  
How can I offer, then, to Thee,  
Aught, Lord, that can accepted be ?  
By that alone which Thou hast wrought,  
The price by which I have been bought  
I offer, Lord, again to Thee  
That only which Thou givest me,  
Give more and more Thy gifts each day,  
More perfect make Thy work, I pray,  
That more accepted I may be  
As eve by eve I come to Thee  
To offer that Thou givest me.

Accept in love what now I bring  
This night to Thee, my Saviour King,  
Till with united heart I sing  
In perfect harmony with Thee  
Who wast and art and e'er shall be  
God Almighty.

1876.

**It is but a little.**

**I**T is but a little, the proud wind said,  
As it beat on the oak's unyielding head ;  
It is but a little, yet day by day  
I am working onwards its sure decay ;  
By little and little the oak shall die  
And low in the dust shall the monarch lie  
To gladden no more the passer-by.

It is but a little, said a tiny stream,  
As it danced along in the moonlight beam ;  
By little and little my power I'll show  
And the lofty rock shall be taught to bow.  
In silence it wrought by night and by day,  
Till the mighty rock was worn away  
The spoil and the jest of the laughing spray.

It is but a little, said a heedless boy,  
As he thought with glee of the promised joy ;  
It is but a little, this sin I shall do ;  
But that little sin his whole life shall rue ;  
Like a cankerworm it shall feed on his soul,  
By little and little his heart control,  
Till without a check it governs the whole.

1861.

## The Lark.

A LARK sweetly singing,  
Its upward course winging,  
Once met my eye ;  
I watched it ascending  
Till eyes on it bending  
View'd naught but sky.

If man would learn of thee,  
Sweet lark, and ever be  
Seeking the sky ;  
Hasting on wings of prayer,  
From earth and all its care,  
To God on high.

Light then would his heart be,  
Swelling with melody,  
More pure and sweet,  
As still mounting higher,  
To God he drew nigher,  
For heaven more meet.

But man loves the world still,  
Gives it his soul and will,  
    Gives it his heart ;  
And buys with his treasure  
Sorrow without measure,  
    Anguish and smart.

Man ! turn thou not away,  
Learn of the lark to-day  
    To seek the sky ;  
Love this poor earth no more,  
Take wings of faith, and soar  
    To God on high.

1861.



THE utmost grasp of our intelligence  
Has failed, O Lord ! to comprehend Thy  
power,  
Or wonders of Thy works, when we have turned  
Our thoughts attentive to this lower world,  
How then can we anticipate to find  
The wonders of thy heavens quickly unfold  
Before our eyes, or that our finite minds  
Should comprehend the miracles of grace ?  
Grace full of wonders ! yet more wonderful  
Hadst Thou, eternal Source of love and life,  
Failed to be gracious. It were not conceived,  
That Thy unbounded love should not have moved  
To pity and relieve the weak and fallen.  
Oh ! turn our minds with lively gratitude  
Towards the contemplation of Thy love ;  
Let not proud reason rob us of the joy,  
Although the way is deep concealed from her,  
And thick enveloped with surrounding clouds,

Let us not ask Thee,—Why ? but with glad hearts  
Receive the tender of Thy pardoning love ;  
Open our willing spirits to admit  
Thy proffered grace, that it may work its work,  
The wondrous work, which only Thou hast power  
T'effect, a work divine, a miracle,  
Than which none greater through the universe  
Exists,—that the contaminated soul  
Should rise from sin, renewed and sanctified ;  
Stand in Thine image ; feel itself a son ;  
In nature of Divinity ; a child  
Of Thee ; no longer now a servant, but—  
What truth more wonderful ?—an heir with Him,  
Who from Thy bosom came and took our form ;  
Felt all its sufferings, its temptations all ;  
And bowed His head to death that we might live,  
The Sinless for the sinful, and the Just  
For them who knew nor truth nor equity ;  
That washed from their pollutions, and renewed  
By His Almighty Spirit, they might come  
To Thee, meet for Thy presence, and rejoice  
To call Thee Father, and to feel that Thou,

With arms of everlasting love, wilt fold  
In Thy embrace Thy children sanctified  
And reconciled, confess that they are Thine !  
Here man, the heir of immortality,  
May dare to look on Thee ; the holy beams  
Of light unsullied, which surround Thy throne,  
Are softened into radiance pure of love.  
The cry of “ Holy ” from the Seraphim  
Sounds grateful to the ear redeemed ; and man  
With hallowed lip, hallowed by Thee, may join  
The song of angels, and ascribe to Thee  
All power and life, all majesty and truth,  
All honour, all dominion, all renown,  
Who only worthy art, that every knee  
Should bow in adoration, and all tongues  
In an unfailing homage sing Thy praise !







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